HEAR I AM

OUTCOME OF THE PROJECT
TRANSOUND HOSTED BY DONIA JOURABCHI & IDENSITAT - SOUND OF OUR CITIES
DECEMBER 2020 - AUGUST 2021

MADE IN PARALLEL FROM
BARCELONA
BISCHOFSHEIM
ISTANBUL
JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA
KAMPOT
LISBOA
LONDON
MANHATTAN
SIEM REAP
SINTRA
PORTO
RECOLETA
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SOUNDS of our CITIES
Co-funded by the Creative Europe Programme of the European Union
Ajuntament de Barcelona
Generalitat de Catalunya Departament de Cultura

https://archive.org/details/transound-collected-sounds

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Aleix Plademunt
Anna Recasens
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Natalia Domínguez
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Coordination
Irati Irulegui & Idensitat

https://archive.org/details/transound-collected-sounds

Explore the complete sound archive of the project Transound.

Recordings in the archive
AR_ by Anna Recasens
AP_ by Aleix Plademunt
CC_ by Carolina de la Cajiga
CP_ by Christos Papasotiriou
DJ_ by Donia Jourabchi
MN_ by Matthias Neumann
ND_ by Natalia Domínguez
SA_ by Sena Aydin
SB_ by Sofía Balbontin
WM_ by Wingel Mendoza
YD_ by Yolanda de los Bueist

https://archive.org/details/@hear_i_am

Watch some of the videos created for the project Transound.

Can you hear a sound which you ~~(have never)~~ heard before?

Some parts are combined with playable media. Follow the links to access the corresponding audio or video tracks.

The online album is available at **https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases**

The tracks which accompany the reading of this publication at the above link will be indicated by the use of the symbol ▶⏸■

The sound archive is available at **https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/**

The present publication unfolds an assemblage of thoughts, stories and experiments on listening and sound explorations of particular places. It is an abundance of materials collected by a group of 12 people from different cities, during the project Transound which took place between December 2020 and August 2021.

The project questions our sense of place through sound and listening. It brings together a series of individual experimentations, and explores our understanding of the sonic environment, from how it is perceived and experienced, to how it may be tuned and articulated.

As an outcome of this shared process:

- This publication that retraces a journey through individual works, anecdotes and suggestions for listening experiments and stories;
- Online album with compositions, sound collages and soundwalks;
- Sound archive with our collected sounds.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases

Listen to the sounds linked in the present publication and additional compositions.

Tracklist

1. Lighthouse – Yolanda de los Bueis
2. Praça Martim Moniz – Sofia Balbontin
3. Weaving Machines – Anna Recasens
4. Tunnel Impro – Wingel Mendoza
5. Windblow – Carolina de la Cajiga
6. Rubble – Sena Aydin
7. Fennel – Matthias Neumann
8. Palimpsest – Anna Recasens
9. Square Space – Christos Papasotiriou
10. Vibration – Natalia Domínguez
11. Schip – Sofía Balbontin
12. Soja Factory – Christos Papasotiriou
13. Blindwalk – Aleix Plademunt
14. Rhythms – Anna Recasens
15. Mezcla – Sofía Balbontin
16. Engine Room – Natalia Domínguez

I hear therefore I am

Did you know that hearing is the fastest of our senses?
We are constantly hearing, sensing the vibrations of our surroundings through our ears, but also through our bodies; vibrations that connect with our conscious selves. The more we pay attention to the noises surrounding us, the more we develop a sonic sensibility to the coinciding particularities. We can be aware of it or not, but in the course of our life, we create a sound inventory of the perceived, and learn to give them shared meanings. We accumulate an experiential knowledge of the sounds in relation to the context of our listening. We can situate ourselves in space and time by directing our attention to what was, or what becomes audible.

Listen

By experimenting with listening and activating a place with sounds, we expand our perceptual knowledge of the world around us. Listening situations may be gathered into various modalities, connected to the ways we engage with our lived environment and a specific context. Through the practice of listening, not only we can notice the unseen and what shape our sense of reality, but we can expand our awareness to what is sensed as *presence* and the *now*.

03

On October 12, 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahaní (renamed by Columbus as San Salvador).

09

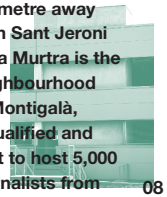
On January 15, he began the return trip, and arrived in Seville on March 20, 1493.

king and
from the
nonastery
rtra, they
it from

05

11

Located one kilometre away from Sant Jeroni de la Murtra is the neighbourhood of Montigalà, requalified and built to host 5,000 journalists from all over the world who came to cover the 1992 Barcelona Olympic Games, 500 years after the arrival of Christopher Columbus.



08

10

12

On August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus (1451–1506) undertook the first trip to the American continent, financed mainly by the Catholic Monarchs.

01

He sailed for more than two months through the Antilles, establishing contact, relationships and exchanges with local inhabitants.

02

In April 1493, while the queen were recovering incident in the Gothic n of Sant Jeroni de la Mu received the official visi Christopher Columbus.

On December 7, 1492, King Fernando el Católico was wounded by the peasant Joan de Canyamars (later sentenced to death) in the city of Barcelona.

06

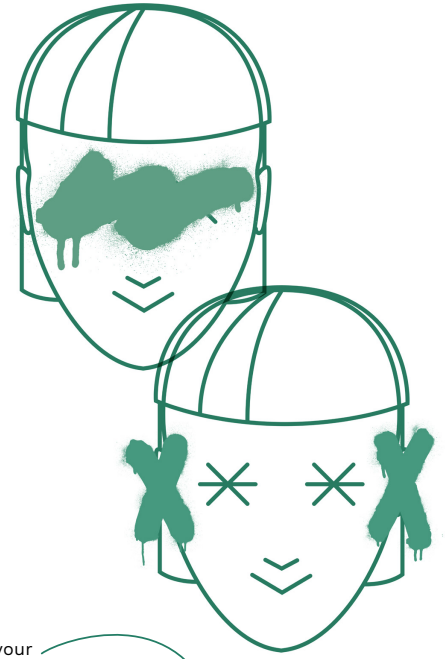
04

Currently the 200-hectare neighbourhood is a commercial area with hundreds of international brands and stores.

07

How do you perceive your surrounding just by listening to it?

Close your eyes and listen attentively



Close your ears and observe your surroundings

How do you perceive your muted environment?

Don't you feel more detached to it than when you only listen?

▶ II ■ LIGHTHOUSE

Acoustic awareness

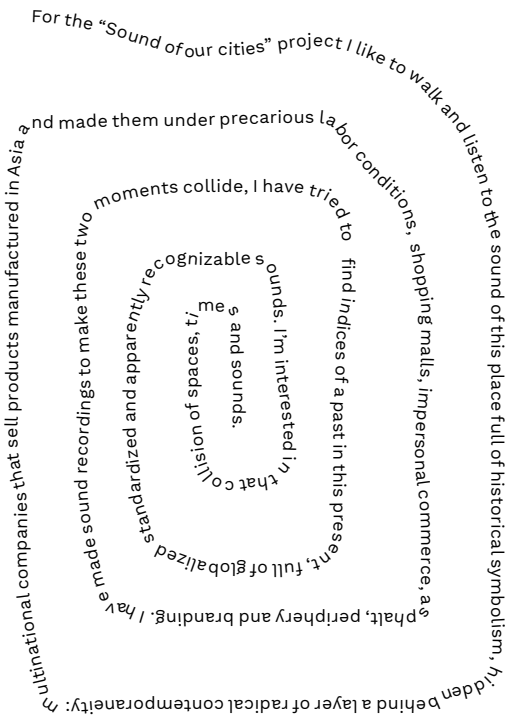
BLINDWALK
1. Find a partner with whom you can go for a walk.
2. Blindfold yourself.
3. Let your partner guide you for a walk without saying a word, only holding you.

A sound happens in a moment and disappears almost at the same time. Once heard, it resonates in the silence within us. There are endless sounds to be heard if we make an attempt to listen.
Sound as an artifact of a place and moment. Patterns of vibrations from social context and physical conditions.

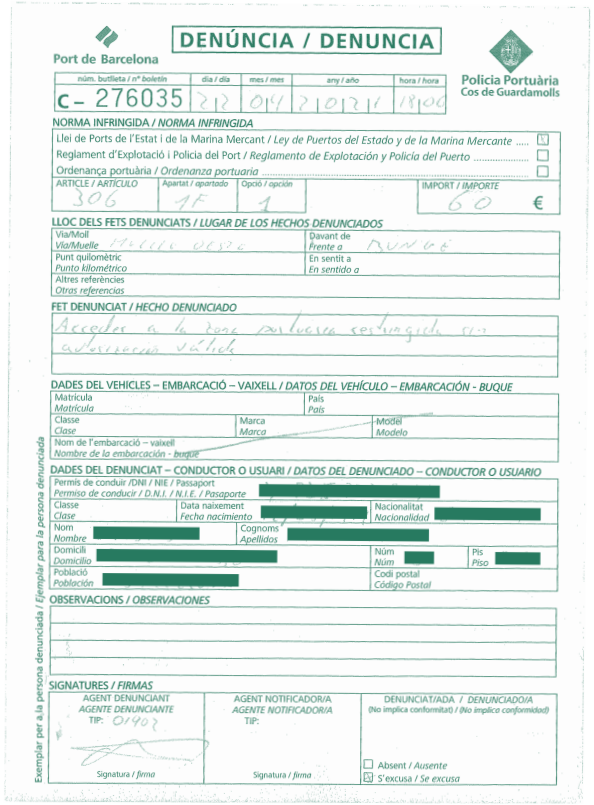
https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/lighthouse

▶ II ■ BLINDWALK

Montigalà


For the "Sound of our cities" project I like to walk and listen to the sound of this place full of historical symbolism, hidden behind a layer of radical contemporaneity: multinational companies that sell products manufactured in Asia and made them under precarious labor conditions, shopping malls, impersonal commerce, asphalt, periphery and branding. I have made sound recordings to make these two moments collide, I have tried to find indices of a past in this present, full of globalized standardized and apparently recognizable sounds. I'm interested in that collision of spaces, times and sounds.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/blindwalk



DENÚNCIA / DENUNCIA

Port de Barcelona

Policia Portuària
Cos de Guardamolls

núm. butlleta / nº boletín: C- 276035
dia / día: 21?
mes / mes: 04
any / año: 2021
hora / hora: 18h00

NORMA INFRINGIDA / NORMA INFRINGIDA

Llei de Ports de l'Estat i de la Marina Mercant / Ley de Puertos del Estado y de la Marina Mercante ..... [X]
Reglament d'Explotació i Policia del Port / Reglamento de Explotación y Policía del Puerto ..... [ ]
Ordenança portuària / Ordenanza portuaria ..... [ ]

ARTICLE / ARTÍCULO: 306
Apartat / apartado: 4F
Opció / opción: 1
IMPORT / IMPORTE: 60 €

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Classe / Clase:
Marca / Marca:
Model / Modelo:
Nom de l'embarcació – vaixell / Nombre de la embarcación - buque:

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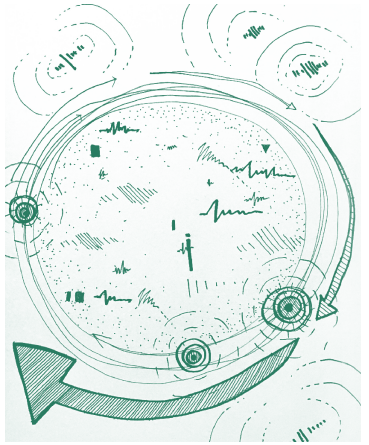
Exemplar per a la persona denunciada / Ejemplar para la persona denunciada

▶ II ■ PRAÇA MARTIM MONIZ

Sonic Artifacts

Sound travels through space. It vibrates in waves of spectral intensities and affects its surroundings as much as it its surroundings affect it. Those waves are manifestations of energies shaped within their physical context. The sonic presences form unique noise constellations at a specific moment. From the moment a sound is, it is almost gone. To the listener, it becomes a memory of a sonic instance.



https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/pra-a-martim-moniz

▶ II ■ WEAVING MACHINES

SONIC MEMORIES

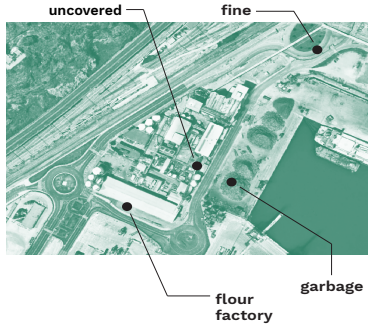
We can still see in the urban landscape the imprint of an intense activity of processes of transformation and industrial modernisation. Towers with clocks, chimneys, factory halls, remind us of the textile industry through the city. As a child, when I walked around, in every street there was a house, a workshop, a factory, and you always heard that clattering and whirring of the looms, which was part of our routine and a key to the city's identity and its character.

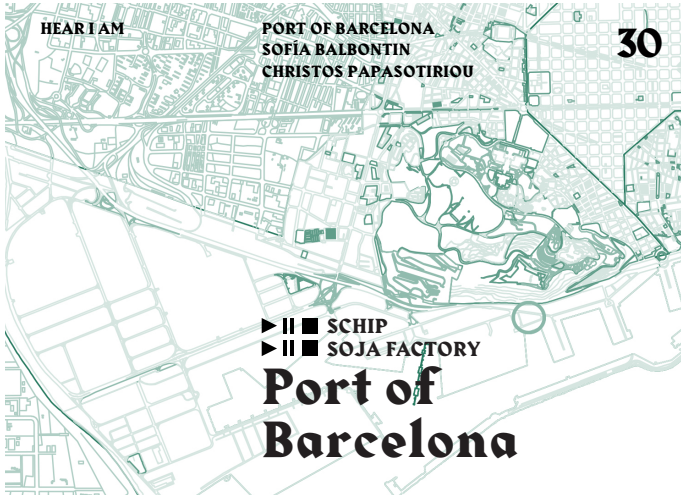
These islands of memory, increasingly less numerous, are maintained as the immaterial element that offer a sense of belonging to those who still share them.

I have sonic memories of the looms, of the click-clack, rackety-rack, swoosh, rattle, clink-clank, of the zig-zag of the shuttles, of the voices rising above the clattering noise of the machines roaring like a rushing river, and of the sirens of the shift change. Hypnotic noises, with which we danced our walk through the streets, following rhythmic beats: the shaft's up and down, the shuttle's backward and forward, the weaving comb, or the punch card. Some people recognised the exact machines and

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/weaving-machines

Suddenly about 5 police cars came and asked us if we were some kind of spies, if we were reporters, if we worked for the press, etc. They made us delete all the recordings and photographs (we acted as we were doing but of course we didn't delete anything). Finally they fined us about 60€, that we didn't pay (this part must be explained by Christos). At the end we were escorted out by the police through a secure door to the street.





When I came to Lisbon in April I had a ticket to Santiago-Barcelona, so I stayed in Barcelona a week before going to Lisbon. I wrote to Christos and Natalia, as I knew they were living in the city, to do one of the soundwalks recommended by Anna. Only Christos was available, so we decided to go to the port.

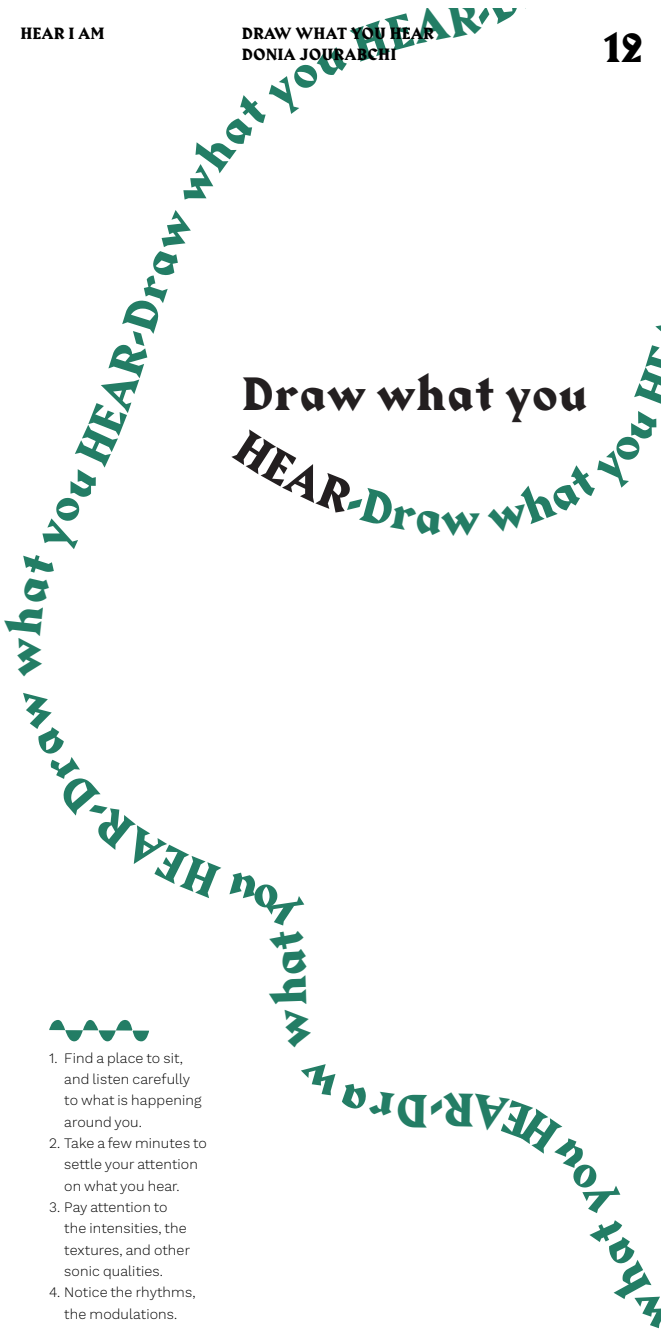
We were walking through the street and we saw an open factory, so we went inside to record. Above there was a wagon moving around, carrying flour to a big mountain of flour (a bit like the scene in Tarkovsky's Stalker with mounds of sand). We were captivated there for a long time by the beautiful rhythms of the wagon. When we left, we saw a man sleeping in a truck who suddenly saw us and became angry... so we moved. We came to a big mountain of garbage with big mechanical grabbers shifting the trash. We started to record. In a moment a guy came to us and asked us if we were taking pictures of the port, then he left (uncover audio). At that moment we noticed we were discovered. We decided to move slowly to the exit... but we couldn't find any exit. We were trapped. We were walking and walking and there was no way to get out.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/schip
https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/soja-factory

the fabrics they were weaving, according to the sounds they made.

The looms were instruments of an orchestra, playing a score that described a certain historical time. Other people distinguished the sounds of the sirens as a way of measuring time, and as a tool of social embodiment.

Nevertheless, these sounds and these places, now evocative of a reality made into a poem, were sonic spaces that overwhelmed the senses and ultimately hid other layers of meaning, such as that of invisible work, that of women and children who lived under harsh conditions, poorly paid to perform delicate manual operations, as their smaller bodies and their little fingers could fit between the machines.


Draw what you
HEAR-Draw what you
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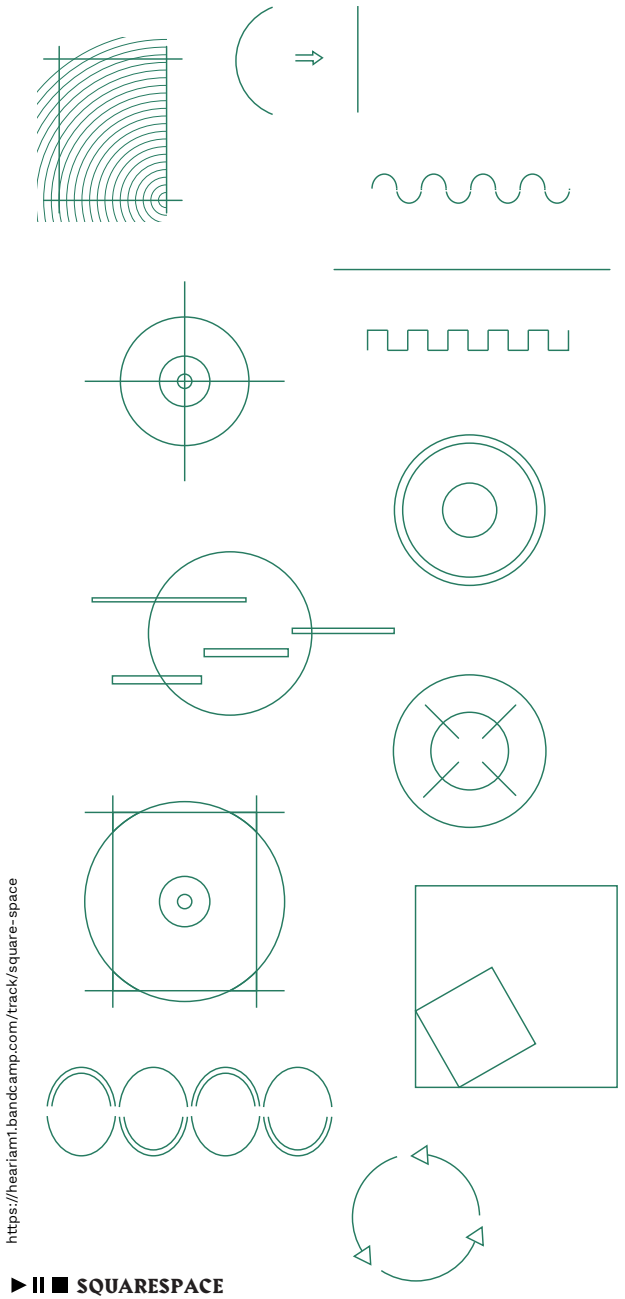


https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/square-space

▶ II ■ SQUARESPACE

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases

https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/

Soundwalk

Slow motion through the indoor shopping mall with shopping carts rattling, people dealing and the clicking of fingers on machines and metal. Out to a small street with mopeds and passersby, through various high-traffic streets gradually approaching more car traffic while walking more briskly. Walking into a more residential street and turning into a courtyard with children playing. A motorcycle stops as the walk continues through smaller streets where children are hanging out with their mothers. Some cars and trucks pass through slowly, some stop. Turning back away from the city noise through a path of cobble stone with trees and birds chirping, approaching another street with traffic and a street cleaning truck sweeping the street.

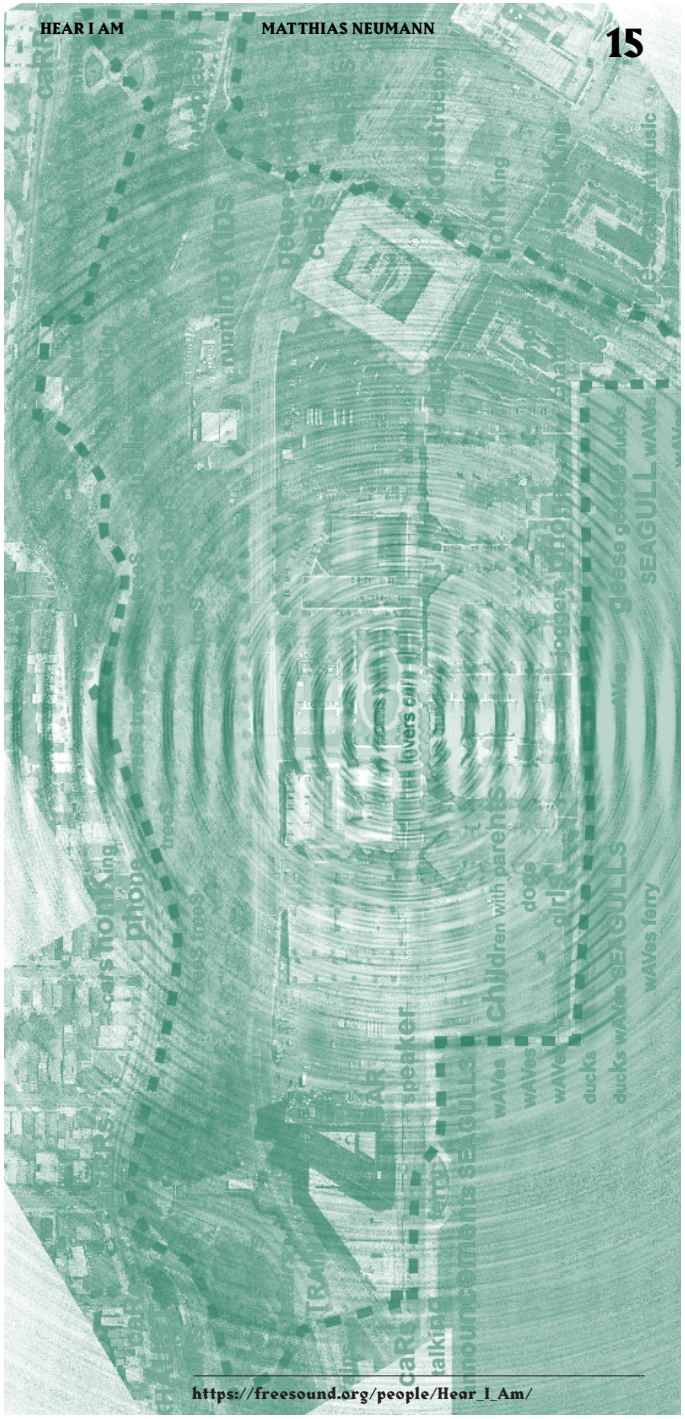
https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases

https://archive.org/details/transound-collected-sounds

PALIMPSEST
A SOUND PIECE IN AND ABOUT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

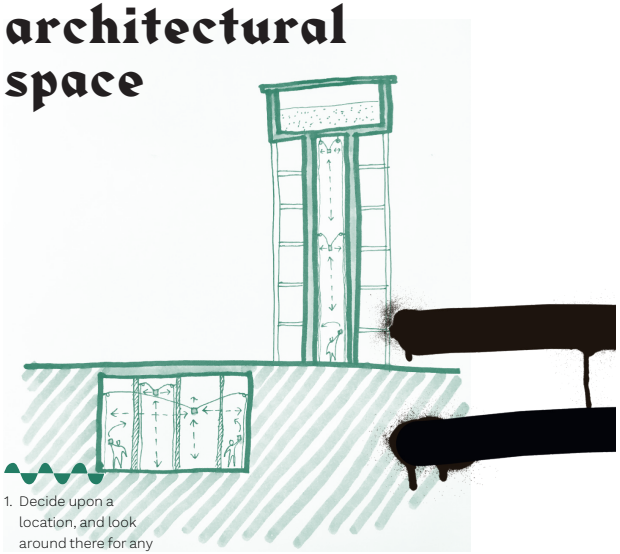
I am writing a story with sounds as words. There is a combination of street-recorded sounds that remain deliberately in the background (sounds of the same streets before and during lockdown), and they are combined with computer generated sounds using related images and words.
I like to reuse, recycle, repurpose sounds, superimposing one over another in an attempt to express an everyday landscape. Working through the idea of a palimpsest serves to expose the very principles and ways of life in a community, its resilience, either involving the listener in glimpses of a disappearing past, or as a response that surfaces through the layers, creating an emergent and fluent new landscape.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases



https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/

Performing with the architectural space



1. Decide upon a location, and look around there for any objects that you may pick up.
2. Take them into a room, and use the objects to strike against the floor and the walls, and all around the place.
3. Experiment with all the possible ways of making sounds with the found objects within the interior space.
4. Allow the space to respond to you by leaving silences between the sounds that you play.

He said:

Look for a street, in the city, or in the countryside, that leads back to itself, that goes in circles, around a hill, or where the city walls used to be in a time where kings were still a thing. If the city happens to be square with a grid, role a dice, and walk straight for however many city blocks that you rolled on the dice, turn left, and repeat 4 times: you will end up where you began. If you rolled a 1 you will circle only one block, if you rolled a 6 you will circle 36 city blocks; either is fine. Repeat the same path at least 3 times. Every time you hear a remarkable sound along your way stop, close your eyes, listen for as long as it would take you to tie your shoes; then continue. The next time you pass this very spot stop again and listen for as long as it would take you to tie the other shoe. If you don't wear shoes with shoe laces just pretend. After you repeated this for at least 3 times invite your current love interest to join you the next morning to do the round again. If you don't find the words to point out the sounds you remember, you can always kiss at each spot of sonic interest. But be aware: the sound of your actions will likely obfuscate the fragile noise of the moment.

Or
if you
are lazy, as
I am, don't walk
at all. Sit where it's
comfortable, preferable
in the most lively square
in town, with access to a bar
tender. Have a drink of your
choice, don't move at all other
than absolutely necessary, and
listen. Try to write down not what
you hear right at the moment
but what you heard 10
minutes ago. Do
this every time

you
finish your
drink.

When the Great
Pandemic hit the
shores of New
Jersey and life as
we had known
it came to a halt
S. T. Umman
took refuge in
Weehawken,
up on the cliffs
overlooking
the island of
Manhattan.
Every morning
he would walk
down Pershing
Street, take the
stairs down the
cliffs to the ferry
at Port Imperial,
walk north along
the Hudson
shore, past the
joggers, past the
strollers, up River
Park Place into
West New York,
through the parks
atop of the cliff,
memorializing
Columbus and
subsequent
atrocities, until
he was back to
where he had
started. That's 30
minutes in all, for
a year every day;
that's 182 hours,
give or take. He
would have his
daily markers
along the way,
revisiting everyday
the sound of the
kitchen exhaust
at the Mexican
restaurant,
the squeaking
metal stairs
leading down the
cliffs, the ferry
announcements
across the street
from the hotel
lobby music,
the seagulls,
the waves, the
cars stopping at
the pedestrian
crossing, people
on their phones,
children, dogs,
birds. All the same
every day, and
always different. It
was as if he went
for a walk every
day to hear what
had changed, but
he couldn't be
sure, so he had
to go again the
next day. It used
to be considered
a pathology of the
insane to walk in
circles endlessly,
collapsing
the path onto
oneself without
resolution. S. T.
Umman considers
it as part of a
pathology of life,
which is cyclical
and repetitious in
endless variations.

Sound as
a trigger of
acoustic spaces.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/tunnel-impro

▶ II ■ TUNNEL IMPRO

Physical sonic filter

There
is
a
constant
humming,
background
noise,

Some thoughts on listening I

with some kind of metallic additions and a sound like an electrical wave. The subject is moving, at some points apparently on public transport, at others, walking by interior and exterior spaces. In the middle of the constant humming, I recognise the sound of steps along various paths like concrete or gravel, sounds of birds, water, people, cars/roads, machinery, and what seems to me to be some kind of station... a train station with tracks, moving coaches, whistles, but also an aerial space. Perhaps I sense a proximity to the sea. And at some moments, it seems as if it is raining.

This
story was
told by Shane T.
Umman who had been
walking in a straight line all
across the continental Midwest
of the United States for 21 days
until he reached the Venetian town of
Palmanova which he circled for another
7 days, only to rest in the central square for
the next 3 days. He claimed he had done all
this with his eyes closed. He claimed he had
learned a great deal about the expanse of the
land, the rhythm of the city and the pulse at the
heart of the city. When asked what he had learned,
he claimed he couldn't tell, but could tell me how
to get my own answers.

He said:
Look for a street, in the city, or in the countryside, that is straight, that keeps going, on and on and on. It's not difficult to find. The world is full of streets that lead to the horizon. The ancient street grid of Milet is but a small collection of roads to infinity. Walk the street grid of Barcelona, of Manhattan, or walk from Lincoln, Nebraska in any direction as far as your legs carry you; or for 50 minutes, whichever is preferable.

If you feel uncomfortable walking with your eyes closed, try to keep your eyes on the road, don't look around, don't look at people, don't look at the colors of the landscape and the buildings left and right. Only listen to the sounds. Notice that its never quiet. Notice that the sounds never quite repeat. It's an oozing continuum, like swimming in the ocean and every wave is never quite the same as the next one. The only constant

rhythms are your steps, your breath, and if you listen closely you might even hear your heart beat. My friend John might suggest that if you pace yourself to a steady 68 bpm you might even get musical. After you are done walking in a straight line through the city for 50 min, or less, or more, sit down with a friend with a drink and try to narrate what you heard. Good luck with that.

▶ II ■ FENNEL

WALKING IN LINES / WALKING IN CIRCLES

Once upon a time, at a time when kings were still a thing, the ruler of the land had three sons, or daughters, the genders were only vaguely passed down to posterity. One was bed-ridden, one dreamed of faraway places, and the third was all about town. One day the king gathered his children and said: “Princes or princesses – it’s time you get to know your country. Go, each to your own liking, and tell me what our country sounds like. Don’t look – the eyes are deceiving; don’t smell – it’s more often an affront than not; don’t touch – I want you to perceive, not to act; don’t taste – unless you’re eating... Only use your ears to understand your surroundings. Be back in a year and tell me what you heard.” The bed-ridden child wheeled the bed right out to the market square and stayed there until the year was up. The second took to the street and kept walking West, the same direction as the sun, always straight, until he reemerged on the Eastern gate of the city a year later. And the third never left the city walls, circling the market square in concentric circles, never touching the center. A year passed and the king and his offspring reconvened. “Tell me about last year”, the King addressed his children. What do you think they said?

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/fennel

▶ II ■ WINDBLOW

Some thoughts on listening II

Sounds were my thread out of a dark period in my life. Taking part in this workshop became an outlet giving me some measure of sanity outside of my messed-up world. Paying attention to sounds was the getaway out from the daily grind. Sounds and noises have kept my mind afloat.

Listening to wind sounds from the faintest whimper making leaves delicately shiver to howling blasts that can bend trunks and reverberate like invisible waves in the atmosphere, took me to alternate spaces. It felt like soaring above a forest free of any restrains.

The squeaking and creaking sound of fresh snow crushed under my boots – swoosh, hush, swoosh, swoosh– led me to an imaginary winter land far, far away where no one had spoiled the vast soft, white cover camouflaging reality.

Inside my walls, the melodious clash of water jars touching each other awoke my hearing sense. The jars became a fortuitous musical instrument I could play to create compositions of trickling or rushing water.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/track/windblow

Another serendipitous sound that caught my attention was that of packing tape echoing through rooms filled with boxes. I created a sound pattern by stre-e-etching the tape as tightly as could be, or cut it into short or long pieces. Each time producing unique vibrations and tones. The cacophony of the sounds turned into an abstract score.

For months now, sounds and noises have been my liberating force. Usually, colours are my source of creation or escape; this time my ears have been leading the way.

https://heariam1.bandcamp.com/releases

https://freesound.org/people/Hear_I_Am/